

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 581.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a considerable sensation was created in Europe by certain explorations in Assyria, or the stretch of country in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, two rivers flowing into the Persian Gulf. Here were the ancient Babylonia and Mesopotamia, the plain of Shinar, Nineveh, and scenes of the exploits by Salmanezer, Sennacherib, and Sardanapalus. Here, in fact, was that grand Asiatic land supposed to be the cradle of the human race, and around which crowd a thousand historical and poetical associations. It is saddening to think that a portion of the earth's surface, so calculated to arouse tender and elevating emotions, should for centuries have been in the hands of the Turks, a people who, with whatever plating of civilised usages at Constantinople, are, in the remote solitudes of Assyria, a set of fierce barbarians, who exercise the most grinding tyranny over all who come within their power.

It required, therefore, no small degree of courage for men of science and letters to attempt to explore Assyria, with a view to discover the actual condition of lands so memorable in Biblical history. Armed with such authority as they could procure, several, as is well known, went forth from France, England, and Germany. Among these, a first place may be assigned to M. Botta, French consul at Mosul, in 1842. English explorers were represented by Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson. Germany produced Grotefend, and more lately, Schrader and Brandis. Botta was most successful in his excavations, and many were the relics of antiquity he sent home to Paris, where they now enrich the *salons* of the Louvre. Of what was done by Layard, we are all acquainted from his profoundly interesting works. The researches of Rawlinson had special reference to what are called the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia. The magnificently sculptured bulls with wings and human heads, which seem to have been placed as objects to inspire awe at the entrance to palaces—the equally fine sculptured figures of

hunters, dogs, and men in armour—processions of warriors with shields—the slabs of stone ornamenting apartments and galleries—all of which had lain buried for thousands of years, and had been now brought to light, were found to be less or more enriched with inscriptions mostly of the cuneiform character. Accordingly, to have anything like a proper idea of what these and other sculptured objects meant, it was essential to have a key to the cuneiform alphabet. The characters were not Hebrew, nor Arabic, nor Greek. As will be seen by a specimen of a name spelled in the Assyrian alphabet which we here present, the component parts of the letters have a shape which has been variously compared to a wedge, a nail, or an arrow-head—the term cuneiform being from the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge.

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Grotefend, who was an early inquirer, has the merit of being the first to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions, and his discoveries were latterly supplemented by Rawlinson and others. A serious obstacle was overcome, when it was found that the cuneiform characters were employed in three different languages, Persian, Scythic, and Assyrian. The discoveries proved to be of immense importance, by throwing light on the history, law, and the social condition of the most ancient nations in the world. Multitudes of these excavated relics are open to inspection in the British Museum, and we can appreciate the labour that has been taken to open up this interesting field of inquiry.

Unfortunately, the relics bearing these inscriptions are incomplete. From them are obtained only such detached morsels of Chaldean and other legends as provoke a desire to get more. In looking at them, ordinary visitors, of course, stare about, wonder, and pass on. The winged bulls with human heads, and cuneiform inscriptions, are thought to be strange monsters of unknown antiquity, and that is usually all that can be made of them. The more thoughtful investigator feels how desirable it would be to gather together the fragments

of information contained on these wondrous tablets, along with what are still to be discovered, so as to get at their full meaning. In the Oriental Department of the British Museum, is an official, Mr George Smith, who longed to master the subject, and whose studies of the relics, as well as of numerous paper casts, were promoted by Sir Henry Rawlinson. This brings us to the substance of our narrative. A lecture delivered by Mr Smith before the Biblical Archæological Society in 1872, in which he shewed what discoveries might still be made at Nineveh, having drawn the attention of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, they munificently offered him a thousand guineas to conduct an expedition for the recovery of fresh inscriptions; he, in return, supplying, from time to time, accounts of his journeys and discoveries. With the sanction of the trustees of the Museum, the offer was accepted; so that to the enterprise of a London newspaper, as will be immediately seen, we are indebted for some remarkably interesting additions to Biblical history, more especially as concerns a Deluge, which may be identified with that of Noah. Anything more archæologically curious can hardly be imagined.

Mr Smith set out on his travels in January 1873, going by way of Paris, to examine the antiquities discovered by Botta. Reaching Marseilles, he proceeded by sea to Alexandretta, a port in Asiatic Turkey, whence he proceeded on a land journey to Mosul, on the Tigris. Lodging at rude khans, and encountering some adventures, he passed over a country consisting of rich plains, crossed and broken here and there by barren and stony mountains. At Aleppo, he made the acquaintance of Mr Skene, the English consul, to whom he was indebted for various good offices while in the country. He speaks of 'noble work' being done at certain places by American missionaries. 'It is an astonishing fact,' he observes, 'that a Christian country like England upholds the Porte, and yet does not insist on justice being done to the Christians in Turkey. No end of promises are given, but any one conversant with Turkey knows the distance between promise and performance.' We join in this astonishment. For some vague political reasons, Turkey, at an enormous cost of blood and treasure, has been supported thanklessly by England, instead of being left to its fate, and allowed to drift into the obscurity which it deserves.

With the aid of guides, horses, and mules, the traveller worked his way through a wild country, and on the 2d of March arrived at the ruins of Nineveh and Nimroud, which appeared as a series of unshapely and gigantic mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite Mosul. Reaching this field of action, great difficulties were encountered. An expected firman from the Porte, authorising excavations, had not arrived, and nothing was allowed to be done. Not to waste time in waiting for the firman, Mr Smith made a southerly expedition down the Tigris in a boat to Baghdad, in the neighbourhood of which he saw various interesting traces of the ancient Babylon; and following in the footsteps of Rawlinson, identified the wreck

of the Tower of Babel, which appears to be quite a quarry of bricks for building houses in the modern town of Hillah.

With reluctance, Mr Smith left this prolific source of interest; for the aim of his inquiries was elsewhere, and he returned northwards by means of horses to Mosul. The affair of the firman was somehow arranged, and on the 9th of April, excavations on the mounds of Nimroud were commenced, as it was from these that had come some of the finest Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum.

The mounds of Nimroud are said to represent the Assyrian city of Calah, founded by Nimrod, but afterwards destroyed, and then rebuilt about 885 B.C.—that is, 2750 years ago. Palaces and temples had been about this time constructed on a magnificent scale. The Assyrians were in all their glory, and no expense was spared on sculptured colossal figures, with inscriptions in that cuneiform character for which our traveller was in search. After making some excavations and effecting a few discoveries at Nimroud, Mr Smith proceeded to the more fertile field of antiquarian interest at Nineveh, or what had been that city, lying in a bend of the Tigris, on its eastern side, with the tributary river Khosr running across it. The most conspicuous ruins of this far-famed city are the remains of a magnificent wall, about eight miles in circuit. The mounds embracing the wall are in some places fifty feet high. In the space that had been occupied by the city, interest is very much centred in the two palace mounds, called Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunas. Here, in the palace of Sennacherib, the excavations revealed some tablets, which, on examination, proved very acceptable. We give the account of the discovery in Mr Smith's own words:

'I sat down to examine the store of fragments of cuneiform inscriptions from the day's digging, taking out and brushing off the earth from the fragments, to read their contents. On cleaning one of them, I found, to my surprise and gratification, that it contained the greater portion of seventeen lines of inscription belonging to the first column of the Chaldean account of the Deluge, and fitting into the place where there was a serious blank in the story. When I first published the account of this tablet, I had conjectured that there were about fifteen lines wanting in this part of the story, and now, with this portion, I was enabled to make it nearly complete.' The palace of Sennacherib produced other objects of interest, 'including a small tablet of Esarhaddon, king of Assyria; some new fragments of one of the historical cylinders of Assurbanipal; and a curious fragment of the history of Sargon, king of Assyria, relating to his expedition against Ashdod, which is mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Isaiah.' The discovery of the missing part of the Deluge tablet here referred to may be considered to be Mr Smith's principal 'find.' In excavations amidst 'large blocks of stone with carvings and inscriptions, fragments of ornamental pavement, painted bricks, and decorations,' were found from time to time; pieces of terra-cotta tablets were discovered. A trench, executed with some difficulty, yielded a tablet bearing a succinct account of the conquest of Babylonia by the Elamites, 2280 B.C.—four thousand one hundred and fifty-five years ago.

We have not space to describe the various excavations or the trouble which was encountered. Operations were closed at the beginning of June, and Mr Smith started for England with his treasures. Arriving at Alexandretta in July, he found, to his dismay, that the officers at the custom-house would not allow his packages of antiquities to pass, and finally seized them, in spite of representations that they were the property of the British government. He was, therefore, obliged to depart without them. The antiquities were afterwards released, at the request of the British ambassador at Constantinople, and, at length, were safely deposited in the British Museum.

So much interest was excited by the newly arrived collection of Assyrian antiquities, that the trustees of the Museum resolved on employing Mr Smith to undertake a fresh expedition to secure additional inscriptions at Kouyunjik; and the sum of £1000 was set aside for the work. No time was to be lost, for the permission given by the firman expired on the 9th or 10th of March 1874. Under this new commission, Mr Smith departed from England in December 1873, and encountering the troubles incidental to the journey from Alexandretta, arrived at Mosul early in the morning of the 1st of January 1874.

Having made all preparations, by collecting tools and hiring labourers, to resume his excavations on what may be deemed the chief repository of antiquities at Nineveh, Mr Smith was subjected to very annoying obstructions by the Turkish officials. However, he went to work notwithstanding these annoyances. As his time was brief, he employed some hundreds of workers. Inscribed bricks, broken fragments of sculpture, a relief of a man-headed and winged bull, a terracotta inscription of Sennacherib, and a variety of utensils, rewarded his research. Among the utensils was a bronze table-fork of elegant construction, which, being at least three thousand years old, must be viewed as a curiosity. He also found a bone spoon. These and other discoveries suggest an idea that, contrary to the opinion of Greek historians, western civilisation is due quite as much, if not more, to Assyria than to Egypt. One thing, as appears from the explorations, is particularly remarkable. The Chaldean legends disclosed by inscriptions and objects of antiquity, come nearest to the Scriptural record in Genesis of anything yet brought to light. As we already know, the Chaldean sages were skilled in astronomy; they mapped out the heavens, and knew the length of the year to a considerable degree of accuracy. Undoubtedly, their legends were mixed with superstitions, and, somewhat like the poems of Ossian, they spoke figuratively of natural phenomena.

Much of Mr Smith's interesting work, *Assyrian Discoveries*, just issued,* consists of a translation of the cuneiform inscriptions from Nineveh, discovered by himself and others. Unfortunately, he does not distinguish his own from what had been previously known. The various fragments are pieced together, as far as possible, to make up a whole. Although still imperfect, from want of certain pieces, the Chaldean tradition of the Deluge, inscribed in these memorials, which are

as ancient as the early Babylonian monarchy, will be of vast interest to Biblical critics—and many besides, who have a pleasure in archaeological inquiry. In the 'Izdubar legends,' as they are specially named, Izdubar was a mighty hunter, giant, and king, identified with Nimrod, and it is revealed to him by the gods 'Anu, Bel, Ninip,' to cause a large ship to be constructed, in order to save a family with living creatures from a destroying deluge which was to overspread the earth. Then come fragmentary inscriptions about the flood. 'It destroyed all life from the face of the earth . . . the strong deluge over the people reached to heaven. . . . I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and turned, and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went, and turned.' Next, a raven was sent out, and it did not return. As the deluge subsides, we have an account of the ship settling on a mountain, the sending forth of the animals, and the building of an altar on the peak of the mountain. Scholars will compare the highly poetical narrative with the history of the flood in Genesis, and also with the account given of the universal inundation by Berosus, an educated priest of Babylon, who had a knowledge of the Greek language, and probably lived about 260 B.C.

In bringing away the objects of antiquity which he had been authorised to collect, there was a renewal of obstructions, and no end of demands in the form of backsheesh; and only by the intervention of the British ambassador at Constantinople was the matter settled. Mr Smith left Mosul on the 4th of April. We learn that the mountains were partly under snow, and that the rivers were flooded. There were difficulties as to guides, and means of transit by horses across the desert. Two of his escort were Circassians, against whom there was a feud, as being notorious thieves. At a house where he found a night's lodging, he says: 'My Circassians admitted they were professional robbers, and listened with indifference to the complaints of my host; but when another native taunted one of the Circassians with having been driven from the house where they refused to admit me, the man roused, and said to the native: "Beware; I roam these deserts like a wolf, and if I catch you outside the village, I will murder you." And with these words of blood on his lips, my Circassian turned to our host, and asked the direction of Mecca; then, spreading his cloak on the ground, he looked towards the holy city, and engaged in prayer as peacefully as if he did no violence. Such are the people I was forced to employ; and I was yet to hear more of their misdeeds.' Again, on this return journey, Mr Smith's packages of antiquities were seized by ignorant and officious pachas; and only by the friendly intervention of Mr Skene, British consul at Aleppo, and of Mr Franck at Alexandretta, was his collection allowed to be exported. By one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, he got off, and arrived in London on the 9th of June.

In a slight sketch like this, we cannot go into a formal analysis of Mr Smith's discoveries. All we can say is, that, considering the limited means, as well as the short time, at his disposal, he added materially to our knowledge of Assyrian antiquities. Of the annoyances he experienced from Turkish officials, he speaks with a degree of

* Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle. London: 1875.

moderation, which, looking to future efforts at discovery, can be fully appreciated. As the account of a learned and modest inquirer into a singularly interesting department of oriental archæology, we trust his work will find a place in every public library.

W. C.

TRIP ON AN INCLINE.

THE tramway at the Brendon Mine is quite worth making a trip to see. During a visit to West Somerset last autumn, we made a journey thither. Having driven to the pretty little village of Nettlecombe, we found that upwards of an hour would elapse before any train started for the foot of the tramway, and as the distance to it was under three miles, we—that is, myself and two friends—decided upon walking.

Following the railway track, we walked through a lovely wooded undulating country, and in close proximity to a rapid stream, that leaped and rushed over and amongst boulders and stones, indicating, by its equable distance below the railway, that we were walking up a steep incline. From some considerable experience in these matters, I am inclined to think the slope of the railway was about one in forty. In less than an hour, we reached a station at the foot of the tramway, and we then saw what was before us. There, straight as an arrow, was a double line of rails, pointing upwards at what my friends asserted was nearly forty-five degrees, and extending above half a mile. So steep did this slope appear, that even to walk up it would have been a work of great labour, and yet we were bound to ascend and descend in a railway carriage, or rather truck. On the summit of this incline, we could see some tiny objects moving round a large square block of something that seemed to be in dangerous proximity to the edge of this precipice, for such it looked. Our binoculars revealed that the square block was a railway truck, and the other objects were men who were hovering round it. A railway porter at the station at the foot of the incline informed us that the length of this incline was fifty-two chains, and that the rise was one in four. Now, as the chain is twenty-two yards, the length of this tramway was eleven hundred and forty-four yards; and the rise in that distance being one in four, we found that we should rise eight hundred and fifty-eight feet during our journey, or rather more than twice the height of St Paul's, in less than three-quarters of a mile, and this, too, at railway speed. Having realised these facts, we began to speculate on the amount of risk we ran in this journey, and we examined the porter as regards accidents.

'Well, sir,' said the man, 'we can't well have an accident, because we turn the points so that if the rope broke, and the trucks broke loose, down they'd come, and be shunted off on the siding; and so they couldn't run down the line, and come in collision with anything. Once the rope did break, sir, and it was all settled here, close to the station.'

'How settled?'

'Why, the trucks just broke up, and spread the ore over the rail.'

'But how about the passengers?'

'There were none, sir, luckily; and so there was no harm done.'

We immediately proceeded to an examination of the rope by which the trucks were dragged up the incline. It was a wire-rope, and it looked fearfully small; but then we reflected upon the manner in which the traffic on this quaint railway was carried on, and we became more confident. The method was, that a wire-rope, rolling round a drum, was made fast to the trucks at the bottom and at the top of the tramway. Those at the top were filled with iron ore, and, by their extra weight, ran down the incline, and dragged up the empty carriages. Those which descended the incline full were soon emptied, and those at the top exchanged for full ones; so that the loaded trucks always descended, while the empty ones ascended. Thus there was not a very great strain upon the rope, and we felt quite prepared for the ascent.

In order to ascend the incline comfortably, a plank and some sacks were placed in the truck, and on these we seated ourselves, and before starting, noted the time, and that we were in a sort of basin surrounded by high hills. There is a sudden jerk as the rope that holds our truck becomes taut, and is stretching upwards; we hold on to the sides of the truck, for our seat seems insecure, and as though a very little would upset us. On moves the truck, very steadily now, but with increasing velocity. We look upwards, and there we see two or three loaded trucks rushing down towards us. We look back and downwards, but this is rather giddy work, and we don't like it; but when we look at the hill-tops behind us, a most curious effect is visible. So sudden is our rise, that the hill-tops that seemed to hang over us as we started are now depressed, whilst above them rise the Welsh hills, the Bristol Channel, and the intermediate country of North Somerset. So quickly does the scene change, and hill ascend above hill, that we can scarcely picture one scene before it is quickly superseded by another.

But suppose the rope broke? If it did so when we were ascending, we have our remedy. The truck, being no longer dragged up this steep incline, would suddenly stop, then descend, and with increasing velocity, until it came to that safe place below, which the porter had intimated would prevent an accident, by dashing the truck to pieces. There was an instant when, by presence of mind, we could escape without any danger; it was at the instant when the truck came to rest. At that second of time we could jump down, and calmly contemplate the headlong rush and destruction of the truck in its descent. But how about our going down? If the rope then broke, this expedient could not be put into practice, for there would be a sudden increase of speed, and no instant of time when we could jump down with safety. These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, for we had only gone half-way up the incline, when the down-trucks rushed past us with a groan and a whiz, that added to our giddiness. And lo! upon one of these trucks sat a little girl about seven years old, who seemed as much at home in rushing down that incline, as she would be on her mother's knee. I glanced round at my two companions, who had, during the last few

seconds, become very quiet. Our eyes met, and one of my friends remarked what a lovely view it was. As I regarded him, I knew he was playing a false card; his lips were tightly set, and the clutch of his hands on the truck was such that I could see the muscles standing out on their backs, and I knew that, however much my companions might command their feelings, yet they were unmistakably dismayed. But at length our truck suddenly came to a stop: we had ascended eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in vertical height, during what appeared to us a very long time; but, on referring to our watches, we found it was only three minutes and fifty-six seconds from the time of leaving the lower to reaching the upper station; and we were assured that, if we had walked it, we could not have accomplished the distance under eighteen minutes.

The view from the summit of this tramway is well worth the rush up and down. The locality on which we stood must have been upwards of twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, and the extent of country visible was immense. South Wales, the Bristol Channel, Exmoor, Dartmoor, Wiltshire, South Dorset, were all visible; and had the day been clearer, we should have had a more distinct view of the farthest ranges in Devon and Cornwall. But our time was short, for if we did not return by the next down-train, we should be detained for more than two hours; so, having seated ourselves on some sacks placed on the ore with which the truck was loaded, we turned our backs to the descent, and resigned ourselves to our fate.

I can quite understand that if a man went up and down this incline every day, he would soon be able to read his *Times*, whilst thus raised and lowered, with as much ease and comfort as people now do when travelling express on an average railway; but we were not accustomed to it. I do not hesitate to confess that a curious feeling—a sort of mixture of giddiness, sea-sickness, and uncertainty—took possession of me, as we felt ourselves rushing down this steep incline, now on a level with a tree-top; an instant after, far below its roots. Then, as we looked down far beneath us in the distance, we could see that very careful porter standing at the foot of the incline, having no doubt turned the points so as to cause the trucks to dash themselves to pieces close to his home, and thus, as he termed it, to prevent an accident. But I would rather have travelled a little farther, in the hope that we might find some reduction of the speed, enough to enable us to jump off from our Mazeppa-like position.

We, however, reached the foot of the incline in safety, and by the aid of a ladder, descended to the ground, whence we stepped into a comfortable, first-class carriage, and once more travelled in a manner to which we had been accustomed, and which was less trying to our nerves than that rush up and down eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in less than four minutes.

'It was well worth the journey to go up and down that incline,' remarked our host, when we were seated that evening quietly after a good dinner.

'Oh, certainly,' replied one of our companions; 'but, to tell you the truth, it was rather nervous work.'

'And to think, after all,' I remarked, 'that the inclination of the slope was only fourteen degrees!'

'Fourteen degrees? Nonsense!' was the reply; 'it must have been nearer forty-five.'

A demonstration, however, convinced our companions that they had committed the common error of over-estimating a slope; for the fact is, that a rise of eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in about eleven hundred and fifty yards gives an angle of about fourteen degrees. It was enough!

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE COMMISSION.

At the little dinner-party at Willowbank that afternoon, there was not much talk, yet Walter thought that he had never enjoyed so pleasant a meal; Mr Brown did his best, though it evidently cost him an effort to play the host, and if his civilities had something of patronage about them, the young painter was in no humour to resent it. The rich man's swelling sense of importance, and decisive manner of laying down the law, as though wealth could confer the power of judging rightly on all subjects, did not even amuse him; for this old man, the father of Lotty and of Lilian, had awakened a strange interest within him. Lilian, accustomed to be silent in her father's presence, spoke but little, yet all she did say had sense and kindness in it; when they spoke of art, she exhibited no raptures, such as most women use when they wish to be thought enthusiastic; nor, on the other hand, did she advance her opinions under cover of that sorry shield of pretended ignorance: 'I know nothing about it, you know; please, tell me if I am wrong, &c.' which so often conceals a stubborn conceit. When her father became taciturn, as he often did, she knew how to rouse him from his moody thoughts, by starting some subject pertaining to his own pursuits, and whenever a hitch occurred—some point of difference between host and guest, such as, from the total dissimilarity of their characters, could not at times but arise—she smoothed it away with some graceful jest. It was not without some secret sense of disloyalty that Walter found himself comparing the two sisters with one another, to the disadvantage of the absent one. Lotty had certainly never exhibited such tact and graciousness, but in her case there had been no such opportunity for their display; she had had no judgments to pass, no opinions to offer, no feelings even to express, except with respect to one person and one object. Perhaps, when Lilian came to be in love, her thoughts would also be inclosed in the same narrow circle. Since they were so broad and comprehensive, it was probable that she was not in love, and that was, somehow, a very pleasant reflection to Walter. We have all experienced, I suppose—we men—in our time, a satisfaction at feeling confident that the charming young person by whom we are seated for an hour or so, even if we are never to see her again, is, for the present, fancy free; that she can feel an interest in what we say, if not in ourselves; that she has thoughts, which she can interchange with us, of her very own; that she is not as yet absorbed, as young ladies sooner or later become, in the individuality of some one of the opposite sex, not at all likely (taking the average of male creatures) to be in any way superior to ourselves. In Walter's case, the

consciousness that there was a secret between Lilian and himself gave intensity to this pleasure, yet no one will surely venture to assert that he had fallen in love with his young hostess. The recollection of the circumstances that had admitted him to her presence, must alone have been sufficient to preserve him from such folly; he was poorer even than his friend the captain; his future was even still less promising; and, after the experience of his host's conduct towards her whom Lilian had herself described as his favourite daughter, what hope could there be of Mr Brown's looking with favour—nay, with patience—at the pretensions of such a suitor as Mr Walter Litton! At all events, Mr Christopher Brown, who was said to be worth a plum, the fruit, too, of his own planting, and who had a great character for good judgment in the City, was evidently of the opinion that no such maggot could have entered into his young guest's brain, as will be seen from a certain proposition he made to him after dinner.

That period 'across the walnuts and the wine' had been looked forward to by Walter with some dismay: he would have liked to have gone at once into the drawing-room, and listened to Lilian's playing on the piano, a little nearer than at the distance it now came to him through the wall; or, if that might not have been, even to have left Willowbank at once, and finished the evening with his friend Jack over the fragrant pipe. He felt that wealth was not the only thing that he had not in common with this friendly Cressus, and that an 'unpleasant quarter of an hour,' and, perhaps, a good deal more—for his host had ordered spirits-and-water for himself—was lying before him. If he would only talk of Lotty, then, indeed, he would try his very best to do her some service; but that he should choose such a topic to converse on with an utter stranger, seemed to the last degree improbable. It was to his great relief, therefore, that so soon as the young lady had withdrawn, his host observed: 'You smoke, of course?' for tobacco, amongst its other priceless benefits, confers the advantage of silence without embarrassment. 'There are some cigars, young gentleman, such as you have seldom tasted,' added the old man, as the box was handed round; 'they cost me three guineas a pound, though I imported them myself.'

'They are excellent, no doubt, sir; but I hope you will not feel aggrieved if I take a pipe instead: I am accustomed to pipes, and do not wish to acquire extravagant habits.'

Walter said this in joke, since, as a matter of fact, he greatly preferred a pipe to a cigar, but his companion took him *au pied de la lettre*.

'That shews you are a very sensible young fellow,' said he approvingly. 'I did not take to smoking myself till I was long past your age, because I couldn't afford it; and I would have smoked pipes if they had agreed with me. As it was, I smoked cheroots. Can you guess why?'

'Well, no, sir; these things are so much a matter of fancy.'

'I never do anything from fancy, Mr Litton, and I never did. I smoked cheroots, partly because they were cheaper, partly because I hated the extravagance of biting off the end of a cigar and throwing it away. The wasting of that end was a positive wickedness in my eyes—a mere wanton sacrifice to the caprices of fashion.'

'I see,' said Walter, amused at his host's devotion to principle in such a matter; 'and I suppose you put the small end of the cheroot in your mouth instead of the big end?'

'Most certainly I did,' returned his companion seriously: 'a man who does otherwise is, in my opinion, a mere wasteful puppy.'

'But they say it draws better.'

'That's rubbish,' interrupted the other; 'a transparent device of the manufacturer, to cause a greater consumption of the material he supplies. Why, you ought to know that, since you know so much about "drawing," eh?' and the old gentleman stirred his toddy, and expressed that species of satisfaction peculiar to persons who do not often make jokes, but when they do, flatter themselves that they are successful.

Walter laughed, as in duty bound, and said it was very polite in Mr Brown to give him credit for knowledge in his calling.

'Not at all, sir; I never pay compliments,' said his host. 'I know something about your "art," as you painters are so fond of calling it, though I have paid for it pretty dearly. There is more than a thousand pounds "locked up," as I call it, in this house—the interest of money that I have spent in pictures. It is not a bad investment in these days, to those who can stand the immediate loss. O yes, you can draw and paint too, Mr Litton. Now, with respect to this picture "Supplication"—here his voice became suddenly grave and earnest—'did it take you long?'

'Well, yes, sir; many months. But it need not have done so, had I not lingered over it: one does, you know, over work that pleases one.'

'Just so; I have done it myself,' answered the other thoughtfully, 'many and many a day, when all the other clerks had left, have I sat at my desk conning over every figure; but your figures are very different, eh?'

The old gentleman's tone was still jocose, yet it was evident from his manner that he was upon a topic that had a serious interest for him.

'Did you paint this picture from—from the life?'

'I did, sir; that is, a model sat to me for it.'

'A model? Do you mean a young lady?' asked Mr Brown in a voice that in its eager curiosity was almost anxious.

'Yes; a young woman sat for the picture; it was originally intended to be a portion of an historical work: I painted her as Queen Philippa beseeching her husband to spare the citizens of Calais; only, there is no King Edward, and no citizens.'

'Ah, indeed.' Then, after a pause: 'You recognised the likeness to my daughter Lilian, I perceived?'

'Well, yes, sir.'

'And yet you never saw her before, I suppose?'

'Never, to my knowledge.'

'Well, I should like another portrait of her, this time taken from the life, but treated in the same style, so as to make, as it were, a companion picture. Is there not some one in history—some girl—who had no necessity to plead for pardon, either for herself or others; one whose character was faithful, dutiful, unselfish?'

'There is Joan of Arc, sir,' reflected Walter; 'a hackneyed subject, it is true; but so, for that matter, is Philippa. I could paint your daughter in

that character: faithful, dutiful, helpful for others, cheerful, in spite of adverse fate; but it would put the young lady to some inconvenience; these historical subjects take more time than ordinary portraits.'

'I see. But can you not, as in the other case, get some one else to sit, in the proper costume and so forth—the same, perhaps, as sat before—and then, for the features and expression, paint from my daughter herself?'

'That is possible, sir; but I cannot promise to produce so good a likeness as in the first instance, where I had no original before me. These chance successes are difficult to repeat. There is an old story of a painter who could not paint a cloud to his liking, and, in his irritation, threw the brush at the canvas, which made by accident the very effect he wished to produce; but if he had thrown the brush a second time, it would probably not have made a second cloud. I will do my best, however.'

'No man can do more, sir. We will consider that as settled, and I will give you the three hundred pounds for the Joan which you refused for the Philippa. Yes, yes; I must have my own way this time; and Lilian will sit to you when you wish.'

'Under the circumstances, I shall not need to trouble her for some time; the preliminary work will take'—

'Well, well, begin it at once, that's all,' interrupted his host impatiently. 'You gentlemen of the brush are rather slow in your movements; it is the same with the painters and glaziers, whom one can never get out of the house. Now, I suppose I shall not be able to get this Philippa picture till the autumn, shall I?'

'Not till after the Academy is closed. No, sir; I fear not.'

'Well, that's a great injustice. When a picture is bought and paid for, one ought to do what one likes with it; that's my notion of property.'

'But consider, sir, if everybody acted upon that idea, what blank spaces there would be on the walls before the Exhibition was over!'

'Pooh, pooh; let them paint the walls.'

It was clear the old gentleman was getting irritable. Up to this point, Walter felt that he had made a favourable impression, and, much as he wished to see Lilian again, he feared this impression might be marred by his delaying longer at Willowbank that evening. The gout was evidently beginning to trouble his host, and there were indications in his manner which shewed he was growing impatient of the presence of his young guest.

'Well, if you will allow me, Mr Brown, I will set about this affair of your daughter's picture—since you seem to be in a hurry for it—at once; it is still early, so that I may, perhaps, this very evening, secure the services of my model for to-morrow.'

'An excellent thought, Mr Litton,' returned the old gentleman with an eagerness that shewed how accurately his guest had read his wishes. 'Yes, yes; I like to see a young man prompt in business. My daughter is also my nurse, and just now I require her services; so perhaps you will excuse her entertaining you in the drawing-room. I will make your compliments to her for you; and drop me a line when you are ready to paint her. Good-bye, sir, good-bye.' And in five minutes, Walter

found himself on the other side of the lodge-gate, and in the world of London.

The events of the last few hours seemed to him like a dream, and yet the result of them had been very material. He had a cheque for a hundred pounds in his pocket, and had obtained a commission which would bring him in three hundred more. But this was the least part of what had happened to him. He was conscious of a complete revolution in his own feelings. He adored Lotty still with the same honest devotion as of old; his interest in her was just as great, and his desire to help her had even become active instead of passive; but there was not the same sense of hopelessness within him as he had experienced heretofore. He had not transferred his allegiance to her sister; he was loyal as ever to her cause; but he felt, for the first time, that his allegiance might be due elsewhere than to Lotty. His position was somewhat analogous to that of a wavering Jacobite, who could own a king *de facto*, as well as a king *de jure*. What astonished him most was, that he felt no regret that he had sold his picture; he endeavoured to account for this by the reflection, that it was passing into the hands, not of strangers, but of those who had a greater right to it than himself; but what undoubtedly more compensated him for its loss, was the fact, that he was about to paint its companion-portrait from the life; that he must needs spend days, perhaps weeks, at Willowbank, with Lotty's sister, and so, in a manner, would have the original beside him to console him for the absence of the copy.

The first step to be taken was to seek out little Red Riding-hood, and to covenant with her for certain sittings which were to be commenced forthwith; and to this end he bent his way towards her humble dwelling. It was a mere business affair to him—just as buying stock would have been to Mr Christopher Brown—and the only consideration that he had in his mind was, what increase should be made in Miss Nellie Neale's rate of pay for her services—which should in some measure reflect his own good-fortune, and yet not spoil the market? But the romance of that eventful afternoon was by no means over for him yet.

CHAPTER XIV.—NELLIE'S LOVER.

The private residence of Mr Neale, as distinguished from his professional abode at the corner of Beech Street (which was, in fact, a cellar, though it was called a stall), was quite a palatial dwelling, if he had occupied the whole of the premises himself; but of the five rooms of which the house was composed, he let out two to lodgers, and, therefore, the parlour on his ground-floor was not dedicated solely to the reception of visitors; it was the dining-room, and also the kitchen, whereby, let us hope, that great desideratum, heat, was always insured for his mutton-chops, and the plates that they were served upon. But Mr Neale, it is to be feared, did not often rejoice in mutton-chops; it was a dish that very, very rarely was tasted, or even smelt, by the inhabitants of Little Grime Street in which he lived. The day on which there was bacon enough for himself and his four children, including Nellie, who was the only one grown up, was a feast-day with the family, and one which he would have marked with a white stone if he had known how to do it.

There was some sort of cookery, however, in progress when Mr Walter Litton looked in, sufficient, at all events, to call forth the apologies of the cobbler, who was himself superintending it; while his three little girls were arranging the supper-table, quite in the Russian fashion, with a lettuce of the size of a parasol, and some remarkably fine onions.

'It is not for you to apologise, but for me, Mr Neale, for having intruded on your supper-hour,' said Walter, patting the curly head of the smallest girl.—'Why, your board looks like Covent Garden, little missis.'

'Well, yes, sir,' answered the cobbler, stirring the vessel on the fire with a large iron spoon; 'when meat is scarce, we makes it up with vegetables; they are always wholesome, and they're very filling. Won't you take a chair, Mr Litton?'

The cobbler was a great favourite of Walter's, and the regard was reciprocal. The worthy man had long lost his wife, and had had a hard time of it in endeavouring to bring up his four girls in comfort and respectability; he was obliged to be much away from home, nor had he been able to afford to hire any one to look after them in his absence; but they were good girls, he said, 'though he said it who shouldn't;' and the elder ones had 'seen to' their juniors, and when nine years old, were better housekeepers than many young ladies are found to be who marry at nineteen. He had a hearty cheerful face, not at all handsome, but with an honest pride in it; and though his locks were grizzled, he looked as though there was happiness for him yet, such as a man generally contrives to find who works for others, and does his duty by them.

'Where's Nellie?' inquired Walter, 'that you are doing the cooking, Mr Neale?'

'Well, it's only tripe, sir,' answered the cobbler; 'and she knows I'm equal to that. She'll be home in a minute or two; indeed, I thought it was her when you came in.'

'It's rather late for her to be out, is it not?' said Walter.

'Well, no, sir; not this beautiful summer weather: the cool air does her good, and I ain't afraid of her getting harm in other ways, thank God! Nelly's a good girl, if ever there was one. But she ain't well, sir. Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the last few days she has seemed to me more white and spiritlesslike, and she's been ailing off and on ever since the spring.'

'I have not seen any change in her of late at all,' said Walter gravely.

'I daresay not, sir; but then, you see, you're not her father. Not but that you have behaved as kind and honest to her as though you were, Mr Litton. I have reason to be thankful to you on many accounts, Heaven knows! Your having her to sit for you so constant, is a great help to us, though I wish it would be in the mornings, as it used to be, and not so late in the day. By the time you have done with her, and she has made her little purchases for the house, it's getting on for bedtime, and I scarcely see anything of her now.'

'I wish her to come in the mornings,' said Walter quietly; 'that will suit me better, as it happens, for the future. Will you ask her to come in to-morrow at the old time, instead of the afternoon? She will understand, if you just say that.'

'I will tell her, sir, and with great pleasure.'

'Yes; but don't tell her that I called, Mr Neale; say I sent round a message, will you? I have a reason for it.'

'A reason for it?' said the cobbler. 'Deary me! She has not offended you, I hope?'

'Not at all. The fact is, I have some news for her; and I wish to tell it her myself. I have just sold the picture for which she sat for a good sum, and I think I can afford her a little better pay.'

'Indeed, sir, you are very good. Why, it is only the other day—not a month ago—since you increased it. She has been even able to save some money to give herself a few days at the seaside next month, which we are in hopes will do her good.'

'Indeed,' said Walter dryly. 'Well, just give her my card, with these few words on it, and don't say a word—nor let her sisters say one—of my having called here.'

The old cobbler promised readily; and the little girls, delighted at the surprise that was awaiting their sister on the morrow, and the nature of which they thoroughly appreciated, promised also. Indeed, as Walter quitted that humble roof, he left the whole family radiant. But the smile faded off his own lips so soon as he had shut the door behind him. Had poor little Red Riding-hood gone to the bad? was his first thought; and the conviction that it was so gave him the sincerest sorrow. He was frank and simple in character, but it was not through ignorance of the ways of the world, and especially of the London world. Directly the old cobbler had said: 'Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the last few days Nellie has looked white and spiritless,' he had at once grasped the fact, that she was deceiving her father, and making a pretended engagement in his studio an excuse for her absence from home. He had not himself set eyes on the girl for seven weeks. Most persons in his place would at once have blurted out the truth, but he had not had the heart—that is the hardness of heart—to do so. Any time would be time enough to tell the poor old man of his daughter's shame, if she had stooped to shame; and it might be possible to spare him even yet. If Nellie knew that he had called in person, she would conclude that he had discovered her deceit, and would perhaps have refused to come to Beech Street. His common-sense told him that in such a case there was extreme danger of precipitating a catastrophe: many a girl on the road to ruin has been hurried on to that fatal goal by the reproaches of those who have taken it for granted that it has been already reached. That it had been reached by poor Nellie, Walter had only too much cause to fear. That she had taken money from some one, pretending that it was her earnings in Beech Street, was a bad sign indeed; while that talk of a few days at the sea seemed to point only too surely to her intention of leaving home at no distant date with her betrayer. But until he was certain of this, he resolved to shield Red Riding-hood not only from evil to come, if that might be possible, but also from reproach for what had passed; and to conceal what he had learned even from his friend Pelter, though Jack himself had shewn a kind interest in Nellie. It was not so much far-sighted prudence—the reflection that a girl's good name once spoken against is not

to be lightly cleared, even from groundless scandal—as sheer tenderness of heart, which actuated Walter in this matter, and which was at once his strength and his weakness. If it had caused him to 'philander' with a married woman, it also kept his lips sealed as with the seal of confession with respect to the frailties of a single one. He had plenty to tell Jack (though he by no means told him all) with reference to his visit to Willowbank, without touching on any other subject, and they sat up together half the night discoursing upon it. Jack thought Mr Christopher Brown ought to have come down more handsomely in the case of Philippa (for Walter had not told him how he had been tempted by 'advances,' and refused them, and given way in the end to sentiment): 'A hundred pounds is far too little to have taken from so big a fish as Mr Brown; but, on the other hand, he will be punished for his parsimony by giving three hundred for your next picture, which won't be half so good. No, sir. Mark my words: Joan will be comparatively a failure. The inspiration will now be wanting, unless, indeed, you happen to take a fancy to this young lady in duplicate.' Walter smiled what he flattered himself was a smile of sadness. 'Well, my lad, that is as it may be. I have known a heart dead and buried, as it were, in barren ground, dug up, and going again very wholesomely, before now. At all events, your material prospects have now become very flourishing indeed, and I congratulate you upon them most heartily. There will be lots of work to do at that house. You will have to paint the old gentleman himself'—

'In lamp-black,' suggested Walter.

'No, no; I mean Mr Brown. You must make him very solid and irrefragable; his cheque-book lying before him upon that plain desk, which you may depend upon it, was the one he used when he had but fifty pounds a year and the reversion of his employer's boots. It has the same interest for him, I don't doubt, as Sir Isaac Newton's first arithmetic book, or Nelson's earliest toy-ship, would have for the public. He is one of the great professors of the art of getting money, and understands it thoroughly; but he knows nothing about how to spend it, and you must teach it him. Point out the desirability of his having frescoes upon the staircase walls, and when you have convinced him, give him my card. "Orders executed for frescoes with punctuality and despatch," shall be printed upon it, expressly to "fetch" him. I shall rise with you, Watty—I feel it—up that staircase. Let us embrace. Let us drink the health of "Christie Brown"—it sounds quite poetical. There is Christie Johnson, gone, poor thing; and Christie somebody else, I don't know who, but she haunts me. Oh, it's the auctioneer. Well, he's always "going," and that's sad too. Bless you, Watty; you are enriched, and yet you are affable!'

From the style of which discourse, it may be gathered that Mr John Pelter had been wishing luck to his friend for a considerable time, and was rather overcome by his feelings, and what he had mixed with them.

'You'll set to work at once, Watty, of course,' were his farewell words. 'I won't keep you up. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to get—screwed, yes, *very* screwed, by Jove! But you will set to work at once, for my sake?'

'Yes, yes. Nellie Neale is coming to-morrow

morning to sit for Philippa. Good-night, Jack; good-night.' And Jack took himself off with difficulty, stopping more than once upon the stairs to wink at the moon, which was shining very brightly, and to remark that, though so rich, she was affable.

For once, Walter did not bewail the weakness to which his friend had given way, for, whenever he so committed himself, he was certain to be late on the ensuing morning, and he did not wish him to see Nellie.

He had little hope that Red Riding-hood would sit as his model any more, and if that should happen, it was better that she should come and go without the observation of a third person. It had seemed easy for him, when in Little Grime Street, in presence of her father and sisters, to administer reproof to Red Riding-hood, and to warn her against a course of conduct which must needs bring shame upon them all; but in his own bachelor apartments, as the hour drew near for him to play the part of Mentor, he became conscious of his personal unfitness for that role, and almost regretted that he had not left her misconduct to be dealt with by her natural guardian and protector. However, it was too late now for retreat, and he had to screw his courage up as best he might; only, he could not help wishing that he was the clergyman of the parish, or, at all events, the father of a family. Nellie was always punctual, and, at the appointed hour, he heard her ring at the door, her well-known step upon the stairs: if he had not heard them, he would hardly have recognised her when she entered. She was as pretty as ever, indeed, perhaps prettier, for loss of colour does not detract from your dark beauties; but she looked very pale, and worn and thin; the brightness that had once lit up her face on bidding him good-morning, was exchanged for a spasmodic smile, which passed away with her salutation, and even before it—'went out,' as it were, leaving the fair face blank and desolate. She was no more Little Red Riding-hood, but had grown up to find that there were wolves in the world under a more attractive guise than even one's grandmother. Her dress was always neat, but he noticed that it was made of better material than heretofore.

'My father told me, Mr Litton, that you had sent last night'—

'I called myself,' interrupted Walter quietly, 'and saw your father. Take a chair, Nellie.'

She was very glad to do so, as he saw, for she trembled from head to foot.

'I—I—didn't understand that you had been there yourself, sir.'

'Yes; I wished to see you about sitting for another picture.'

'Thank you, sir; but I don't think I can do that at present,' answered Nellie quickly.

'And why not?' inquired Walter, looking as much like the clergyman of the parish, or, at all events, the curate, as he could, and adopting a tone such as he considered suitable to ecclesiastical cross-examination.

'Well, Mr Litton, I have my hands full of other business. There's father and the girls'—

'Nay; your hands are not full of *them*, Nellie.'

Her attempt at duplicity gave him confidence, for he had a natural hatred of and indignation against lies. 'It is no use your pretending that to me, though you may deceive them by a story of your

being engaged in my studio every afternoon. Suppose I had said to your father: "She has not been there for these seven weeks," as perhaps I ought to have said?"

Nellie answered not a word, but sat with her eyes, with tears creeping slowly out of them, fast fixed on the ground.

"It is not my place, Nellie, but your father's place, to be talking to you about the manner in which you spend your time. But I do so to spare him, and, if it be possible, to save yourself."

Her pale face flushed in a moment, and she sprang to her feet. "What do you mean by that, Mr Litton?" cried she, confronting him. "You have no right to say such words."

"As your friend and your father's friend, Nellie, I have a right; nor do I use them without good cause, or, at least, what seems so. When a young girl in your position—I don't speak of it disdainfully, Heaven knows!—for she had uttered an ejaculation of what he took to be wounded pride: 'the case would be most serious for any young lady who should act thus; but in your case it is most dangerous—I say, when a girl absents herself for hours daily from her father's roof, and is so ashamed of her occupation during that period as to conceal it from him, nay, to trump up a false story, in order to account for her absence, there is good ground to suppose that she requires to be saved—from herself, at least. If you have a lover, why should you be ashamed to confess it at home, if he is an honest man?'"

"He is a gentleman," said Nellie proudly.

"I am sorry to hear it," was Walter's dry reply; "for in that case, under the circumstances, it is still more likely that he is not honest."

"You do not flatter him, nor me, sir," answered Nellie bitterly.

"I don't wish to flatter you; I wish to tell you the truth. If this man pretends that he loves you, but bids you keep his love a secret from your friends, he is lying! Do you suppose that it is you alone who can deceive people by specious stories? I daresay he has the best of reasons—private ones, but such as you will understand, he says—for not marrying you just at present. In the meantime, he gives you money!"

"You are very, very cruel!" interrupted Nelly, crying bitterly. "You misjudge him altogether."

"Still, he does what I have said," answered Walter fiercely.

"And if he does, he has a reason for it. His family is a very high one. But there! it is no use saying anything to you, and you have no right to say anything to me!"

"And with that, she turned as if to go. There was a look of excited resolve in her face which did not escape Walter's eyes; he stepped between her and the door, and locked it. "You shall not go to that man to-day," said he; "I will send round to your father at his stall; and he shall take you home."

"O no, no, no!" pleaded the girl, falling on her knees. "Oh, do not tell my father!"

"I will, so help me Heaven! Nellie, unless you tell me who this man is. If he is not a scoundrel, there can be no harm in my satisfying myself upon that point. If he is!"

"O Mr Litton, he is no scoundrel; he is a gentleman like yourself; only, he does not wish folks to know about it. In a few days, I shall be

his; he has promised it; but in the meantime, I was to tell nobody, and you, least of all!"

"Me! What! Do I know the man?"

"O yes; he is a friend of yours; I met him—that is, he saw me here for the first time. It is Captain Selwyn. But he will be so very, very angry if he knew I told you his secret: on my knees, I beg of you not to reveal!"

"Kneel to God, and not to me, Nellie!" said Walter, in hoarse but solemn tones, "and thank Him that you have told me in time to save you from ruin. Captain Selwyn is a married man; I saw him married, with my own eyes, not a year ago, in Cornwall."

"Married!" echoed Nellie, and fell forward on the floor, as though she had been a lay-figure, and no model. She had fainted away.

THE FROG.

THE late Sir Robert Peel, on a memorable occasion, posed his audience by the apparently simple question: "What is a pound?" And Mr St George Mivart, in a little book recently published by him,* puts a similar poser to his readers by ingeniously asking: "What is a frog?" It may be safely affirmed that nine out of ten readers will be totally unable to give a satisfactory answer. That it hops, that it croaks, that it affects moist places, that it is—at anyrate, partially—eaten in France and in Franco-maniacal America and elsewhere, and that it has been known, if a fable might be believed, to swell itself out until it burst, is all that the majority of readers are likely to be quite certain about as regards that extraordinary little creature. Perhaps, however, they may also have some dim idea of the frequency with which it is used for anatomical experiments; a frequency so great, that the animal has fully earned its title of 'The Martyr of Science.' The 'physiological experimenter' is continually exercised by a desire to learn 'what frogs can do without their heads; what their legs can do without their bodies; what their arms can do without either head or trunk; what is the effect of the removal of their brains; how they can manage without their ears; what effects arise from all kinds of local irritations, from chokings, from poisonings, from mutilations the most varied.' But still the question remains: "What is a frog?" Some very superior person may reply confidently: "A small saltatory reptile;" and will, no doubt, be very much surprised at being met by the rejoinder: "But is it a reptile? At anyrate, it begins life in its tadpole stage as a fish."

To be a little more explanatory may perhaps be advisable. The frog, then, originally springing from an egg, assumes the form of a young tadpole. As the tadpole grows, however, changes take place, and result in a complete metamorphosis or transformation. Little by little, the limbs bud forth; and the hind ones are the first visible, because the fore-limbs are for a time concealed by what is called 'the opercular membrane;' and, when it is

* *The Common Frog.* By St George Mivart, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1874.

said that the four limbs are 'typically differentiated,' the meaning is, that they are 'divided into those very typical segments which exist in man—namely, shoulder-bones, arm-bones, wrist-bones, and hand-bones; and into haunch-bones, leg-bones, ankle-bones, and foot-bones respectively.' Moreover, as the legs grow, the tail becomes absorbed, not falling off, as some suppose, and the gills also disappear, and cease to serve the purposes of respiration, whilst lungs at the same time become developed in an inverse ratio; so that the tadpole is gradually transformed into the tailless and lung-breathing frog. Why science adds to its description of the frog, that the animal is 'provided with teeth along the margin of the upper jaw,' is, that in the case of the frog's cousin, the toad, 'the margin of the upper jaw, as well as the lower, is entirely destitute of teeth.'

We may observe that vertebrates are divided into five great classes; that the fourth class, called *Batrachia*, is that to which the frog (as well as the toad, the eft, &c.) belongs; that the class of *Batrachia* consists of four orders, in the first of which, named *Anoura* (tailless), is to be found the frog; and that a learned person classifying the frog would say that it 'belongs to the Batrachian order *Anoura*, to the family *Ranida*, and to the genus *Rana*,' the last word being Latin for a frog. When to what has been already said it is added, that though many persons are accustomed to make much of the distinctive peculiarities of the human frame, yet 'man's bodily structure is far less exceptional in the animal series, is far less peculiar and isolated than that which is common to frogs and toads,' it will be easy to see why the humble frog should have been elevated to the painful dignity of 'the Martyr of Science.' About the frog 'are gathered biological questions which bear upon the origin of species, and upon the course and mode of organic development, as well as other speculative problems to which answers are as yet far to seek;' and, 'if it is a fact that all the various species of animals have arisen through ordinary generation one from another by a process of development, the life-history of the frog may with reason be expected to have some bearing upon such a process, since every frog begins its free existence with the organisation of a fish, and, after undergoing a remarkable "metamorphosis," attains the condition of an air-breathing quadruped, capable of easy and rapid terrestrial locomotion.'

It appears that there are about forty species of the frog's own genus (*Rana*). Amongst the largest may be mentioned the bull-frog of North America, a specimen of which is to be seen at the Zoological Gardens, where it is fed on small birds—a sparrow being easily ingulfed within its capacious jaws. The eatable frog, we are admonished, is 'easily to be discriminated from the common species by the absence of that dark, subtriangular patch which extends backwards from the eye;' and the male of the eatable frog 'is further to be distinguished from the male of the common frog by the fact of its having the floor of the mouth, on each side, distensible as a pouch—the pouches, when distended, standing out on each side of the head.' It is said that these pouches

increase the volume of the croak, and render it so powerful that the possessors have, from the county in which they are particularly plentiful, received the nickname of 'Cambridgeshire Nightingales.' There is, it seems, 'a large South American frog, which devours other smaller frogs as well as small birds and beasts,' and is 'noteworthy on account of the singular bony plates which are inclosed in the skin of its back: a character which it shares with a small South American toad.' Mention is also made of 'a frog newly discovered (of a new genus, but allied to *Rana*), called *Clinotarsus*;' but its habitat has not, apparently, been hitherto ascertained. There may be more reason to expect that there should, than that there should not, be a 'flying' frog; but the nearest approach to such a creature seems to be, as yet, a certain 'tree-frog' described by the celebrated naturalist, Mr Alfred Wallace, who, in his *Malay Archipelago*, has related that there was brought to him, in Borneo, 'by one of the Chinese workmen,' a large tree-frog, which the 'Heathen Chinese' declared he had seen 'come down, in a slanting direction, from a high tree as if it flew.' An examination of the creature led Mr Wallace to observe: 'It is difficult to imagine that this immense membrane of the toes can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman that it flew down from the tree becomes more credible.' If, however, the frog can not fly, the failure of its attempts in that direction only renders still more striking 'the curious and grotesque resemblance' between a frog and a man, which, so far as outward appearance goes, 'has been a common subject of remark.' That the frog was man's swimming-master, appointed by Nature, can hardly be doubted by anybody who watches the motions of both, and knows what imitation means. It is not everybody who is aware that the frog is, in a manner, responsible for galvanism; yet, in the year 1789, 'Galvani accidentally discovered in the separated legs of certain frogs, prepared for broth, those motions produced by irritation of the exposed great nerve of the thigh, now so familiar to most. This action was long called galvanism, after this observer.' Galvani, however, appears to have been only a re-discoverer; 'Swammerdam, as long ago as 1658, having observed such motions.'

The frog may read a lesson to those who speak contemptuously of the human skin, saying, on certain occasions, that it is 'only the skin.' Only the skin! Why, 'the skin is really one of our most important organs, and is able to supplement, and to a very slight extent even to replace, the respective actions of the kidneys, the liver, and the lungs;' and the frog will shew to how high a degree this cutaneous activity may, in some living creatures, be developed. As is well known, the favourite residence of the frog is in marshes and dingy situations out of the direct rays of the sun. In all respects, it is adapted to lead this unobtrusive existence, and to fulfil its part in creation by doing so, finding its food in water and land by clearing away inferior creatures that might be troublesome. Its instinct in finding out ponds and marshes in which it may revel, has often been observed. It is, indeed, almost certain that if you make a pond, you will soon find it peopled by frogs, more, however, at one season than another. Both as respects the perspiratory and the respiratory action, the frog must necessarily keep itself

damp. If tied up, in a place where it cannot escape the rays of a summer's sun, it will speedily die; nay, more, it will soon be perfectly dried up. As for proof of cutaneous respiration, it 'has been experimentally demonstrated by the detection of the carbonic acid given out in water by a frog over the head of which a bladder had been so tightly tied as to prevent the possibility of the escape of any exhalation from the lungs.' And a perhaps more satisfactory, but more cruel test has been applied by 'confining frogs in cages under water for more than two months and a half, and by the cutting out of the lungs, the creature continuing to live without them for forty days. Indeed, it is now certain that the skin is so important an agent in the frog's breathing, that the lungs do not suffice for the maintenance of life without its aid.' That the poor frog would not be so favourite a 'subject,' if it were less harmless, and were as poisonous as both itself and its relative the toad are supposed by some ignorant people (groundlessly in both cases) to be, it were rash to positively assert, for no danger seems to appal the votary of science; but, whether or not, enough has been said, it may be hoped, to win more respect and sympathy than are generally vouchsafed to our natural swimming-master, and our 'Martyr of Science.'

A NIGHT IN THE BACKWOODS.

A COLD Canadian winter. Snow and slush; dripping eaves and gables of our rude log-house; a bitter February day near its close; the cold intense; all around outside, the picture of desolation; tall trees, gaunt and leafless, uprearing skeleton arms to the murky sky. A thaw has set in, and at every step you take out of doors you sink ankle-deep in the soft snow. Indoors, is dreary; the cold air is forced through many a chink.

Upon that night, my fingers were benumbed, toes ached painfully, and a feeling of depression seized me such as I had never felt before. Save for my baby, I was alone. My little child, indeed, gave me employment for hands and mind; it had been ailing, and its pretty face looked pinched and wan, with a hectic flush on it, and its little hands were hot and feverish. I had been frightened about it all day, as it lay moaning in my arms; but now, as sleep closed its eyes—a troubled sleep at first, but gradually deepening and growing tranquil—my mind, relieved about it, began to revert to my own loneliness. With a heavy heart, I looked round the scantily furnished room, where all the articles were of the commonest kind; at the partition of rough boards which divided the hut into compartments; at the fire, which had burned down, and was a heap of white ashes. Replenishing this last, and fanning it into a flame, gave me fresh occupation. It was not easy to make the damp, green logs catch fire. And at last, weary with the effort, cold and nervous, I burst into a fit of impatient tears.

I was indeed desolate; divided by at least a

mile from any human beings, in the heart of a forest, the small portion of cleared land round our cottage shewing forth more plainly, as it were, the density of the surrounding woods. My husband, the day before, had gone to a town some miles distant, to obtain a sum of money due to him for the sale of cattle. He had left me alone with my one female servant, sorely against his will; but it was impossible to avoid going, and equally impossible to take me and my sick baby with him. I had never been without him for a night since our arrival in the bush, and I felt miserably weak and nervous as night came, and morning dawned, and day again faded into night, and still kept him. One comfort was my child. My servant had been summoned that morning to go to her father, who lay dangerously ill some distance off; and though I missed her much, there was nothing for it but resignation. And now that my husband had not returned, I began to fear I should have to spend the night alone with my baby. Before the fire, now beginning to burn dully, I sat on the ground. The shade of evening fell fast, and a thick haze was dimming the small panes of the one window. Ah me! crouching thus on the cheerless hearth, listening to the soft breathing from the cradle where nestled my treasure, my thoughts went wandering, travelling backward; my heart was too oppressed to look forward. As far as human companionship went, I was, but for my baby, alone; but I had one faithful friend with me—a dog, a rough-haired Irish terrier. We had had him some time, and the faithful creature seemed to us to have more than canine sagacity. Now, as I sat brooding, he placed one paw on my lap; then his cold nose rested on my folded hands. 'Poor Ter,' I said aloud—and the sound of my own voice, breaking the stillness, made me start—'poor fellow;' then stroking his rough coat, I relapsed into thought. Far away from the dark Canadian forest—far away, indeed, my memory carried me. I saw rise before me a rose-embowered cottage, its windows opening on a sloping lawn, at the foot of which ran a rippling river; a pretty lawn studded with trees, an orchard close by, bright with blossom, giving promise of golden and russet fruit, the sweet scent filling the air; underneath a spreading elm, a rustic seat, and a girl resting thereon. From an open French window issues forth a gentleman, old and gray-haired, but erect and stately still—the village doctor, my father. In that house I was born; by that river-side passed my youth; underneath that spreading elm dreamed I my foolish romantic dreams—built my castles in the air. Under that dear father's loving care, I was simply, calmly happy; no sorrow came near me. Alas! he died—died in the discharge of his duty, and I was left alone to commence the struggle of life. The speculation in which my father's whole savings were embarked proved a failure, and all was lost. Determined to be up and doing, I became companion to a lady, but daily found the life grow more distasteful. But just when hope seemed dead within me, my

life was suddenly brightened by the possession of the love of my brave and faithful Jack.

We got married. Things did not go on quite well in worldly matters, and we had trials; but we were so much to each other, and Jack was so strong and brave, that they were not very difficult to bear. At last came a day when he determined to emigrate, and we came to Canada. He had a good knowledge of farming, and thought he would get on. So with the little money he had, he purchased this place, and was now trying to get a living out of it. He had hard work enough. We were poor, and could not get proper help to clear the land, and Jack had to depend a great deal on his own strong arms and clear head. But, thank God, neither failed him. He never gave up hope; when things looked their worst, he was ever calmly brave; his strong heart never gave way. He used sometimes to say words of self-reproach for having married, and brought me to face such a hard struggle. My dear Jack, he need not have so spoken or thought. I cared for nothing in the life he had rescued me from. I regretted sometimes I was not stronger—a more useful help-mate for him. But I was only too glad to *rough it* with him, and strong in the will to do all I could to set his mind at ease on my account.

And to-night all this came before me—my dear dead father, my absent husband; and I sat dreaming on, until the darkness had quite fallen, and I awoke with a start to the realities of the present. The fire had begun to crackle loudly, shedding a bright light around, dancing and flashing on the timbers, and filling the room with a crimson glow. I went to the window, and drew the screen. I did not close the shutter, thinking that if he did come home to-night, he would like to see the cheery light, in token of welcome. I went to the next room, used as a kitchen, softly followed by the dog, and bringing forth some candles, lit one. I had to be sparing of them, for my stock was but small; but, to-night, I could not bear the shadows cast in corners by the flickering of the fire. I scarcely expected Jack. Still hope would whisper—‘He may come.’ But the hours grew into night, and still the longed-for arrival did not take place.

My baby was sleeping soundly in its cot, and ‘Terry,’ the dog, lay snugly before the now cheerful fire: I tried to while away the lonesome time by reading and thinking; but my book proved tedious and my thoughts became sad. My fears were for Jack. I cried with sheer nervous fright. ‘What, what can delay him so?’ I cried. ‘Oh! what trouble is in store for me?’ Then my better sense came to my aid. What use in idle repining! I made some tea, and drank it, but with little relish.

As I watched my sleeping infant, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a wild unearthly yell! The wolves in the swamp some distance off. I covered, and shrank. What if Jack, determined on coming home, had faced the night, and those terrible foes!

Nerving myself by a great effort, I stole to the window, and fastened the shutter tremblingly. Terry barked violently at this moment, and awoke my baby, which diverted my thoughts for a while, until I had petted and nursed it into another soft slumber. I heaped on fresh wood. The night was far advanced, but I could not go to bed. Indeed, I felt thoroughly sleepless; and

drawing my low rocking-chair to the fire, sat down. I must have slept some time, when a long low whine from the dog aroused me. He was standing facing the window, his ears erect, his hair bristling, listening attentively.

‘Terry, poor boy, good dog,’ I whispered, trembling, ‘what is it?’

How long the silence lasted, I cannot say; all at once it seemed to me as if some one or thing was creeping round the shanty—round, slowly feeling its way. There was a crunching sound in the snow, at first faint, now quite distinct. And now, too, the dog’s behaviour changed. With a fierce bark, he dashed forward to the door. At this moment, on the glass on the window, came a violent rapping—a rapping, it seemed, of human fingers! I smothered a shriek, and sank on my knees. Then, again, Jack came before me, and I approached the casement. But the loud barking of the dog, and the crying of the awakened child, stifled all other sound. I opened the shutter, and raising the screen, looked into the darkness. I recoiled with a shriek! A white face was pressed against the glass on the outside—a face so wild and ghastly that it looked nothing of this world. Involuntarily, I glanced at the window again. *It was there still.* Then, tapping on the pane, hands strove to open the sash. With a yell, Terry sprang forward; but I caught him ere he could break through the window, and the face disappeared. But now at the door the knocking was repeated. Holding back the dog, I bent my ear to the chink, and listened.

‘Let me in, for God’s sake,’ moaned a hoarse voice. ‘I am a dying man; let me die in the light. Woman, woman, I beg of you, let me in!’

‘Who are you?’ I asked. ‘Do I know you?’

‘Let me in. I am dying! He is hunting me!’ he screamed; and then, as it seemed, fell, for I felt the door shake, as if he had clutched at it.

‘The wolves are after him,’ I thought, and hesitating not an instant, undid the fastening, and opened the door. He had fallen, and lay across the threshold as if dead. Kneeling down, I lifted his head; he was not insensible. At first, I thought it was drink that ailed him, but his face disproved that. It was pinched and white, and like the face of a dying man, as he had called himself. I helped him to a sitting posture, then to his feet. He staggered in, and sank down again when he reached the hearth. His hands were benumbed, his teeth chattered with cold, and his clothes were wet and torn. Altogether, he looked the picture of wretchedness and misery. His wild eyes were riveted on the door.

‘Shut it,’ he whispered. ‘Keep him out, for’—

I quickly closed the door, and fastened it. Then, giving him a little cordial, it revived him greatly. ‘My poor fellow, are you better?’ He nodded.

The fire’s heat seemed to make him drowsy; so, getting a blanket and some skins, I made him a kind of bed. He lay down obediently, and gradually I saw his eyes close. I looked at him curiously. I was not frightened now. The man before me could not have injured a child, were he so inclined. Worn to a mere skeleton, the wreck of a once powerful man lay there. As the light fell on his face, I saw that he must once have possessed no ordinary portion of good looks. His beard was grizzled, though he was not past the

prime of life; but toil and hardship, and, to judge from the sunken eyes and furrowed brow, care and sorrow too, had done their work. I pitied him, and was glad that no cowardly fear had caused a refusal to his entreaty for admission. Poor fellow! those sinewy hands, feeble as my baby's now, spoke of hard work, a life spent in outdoor toil. I anxiously looked for morning, as well as for the return of my husband. While enduring this sad vigil, the stranger whom I had sheltered suddenly burst into exclamations, like the ravings of a madman.

'Keep him out—keep him out! Don't you hear him?' The man was sitting up, pointing with extended finger. 'Keep off!' he cried; 'keep off! Your time is not come yet. Stand there between me and him. Save me!'

I sprang towards him. 'There is no one here,' said I hastily; 'no one, indeed. I am quite alone, except the little child and the dog. You are mistaken.' I was terrified, but strove to speak calmly.

'I am not mistaken. Have I been mistaken those ten years? For ten years on this very night, this twentieth of February, I have heard his voice and seen his face. Stand there between me and the door. Hark! hear to him!' He cowered down, shuddering. 'Let me die,' he murmured. 'He said he'd be with me at my dying hour; and he is.' He stopped speaking. His last words were uttered in a hoarse whisper. In the silence, I could hear the beating of my own heart. He stretched out his hand feebly. 'Touch me!' he said; 'twill give me courage.'

I did so, taking his hand in mine.

'You are an angel,' he said, his fingers convulsively tightening on mine. 'Look at the dog!' he cried. His voice was low and hoarse through excessive weakness.

'Maybe you think it's the horrors of the drink that's on me. I haven't tasted liquor till you gave it me, these six months. It only drove me worse when I took it.—And I am not mad,' reading some such thought in my face. 'Though, if I was, you'd be in no danger: even madness couldn't put the strength to harm into this bag of bones,' glancing at his hands lying before him. 'No, ma'am, I am not mad.'

I knelt down, the cowering dog at my side. I prayed earnestly, and when my voice ceased, he spoke.

'I'll tell ye true,' he said—'I'll tell ye true. Besides, an I can through your means help another, I know you won't refuse me. I have done harm, maybe—a deal of harm, to one who never injured me. An' now, I can never repair it, if you don't help me.'

His eyes were on mine, and the pupils seemed covered with a film. The effort seemed evident, when he spoke even in the lowest tones; yet in voice and gaze there were signs of strong anxiety.

'I promise you,' I replied; 'I shall try to have your wishes complied with. All my husband and I can do we will.'

'Moisten my lips; they're parching. Bless you.' He was silent for a brief space; then, speaking in a stronger, yet constrained tone, as if he had nerved himself to the task, he said: 'Let me say my say. I haven't much time left now. 'Tis ten years ago since I spoke in confidence to any human creature; 'tis ten years since I spoke the truth by word or deed! I was a happy,

contented man. I was a husband and a father, an' my wife was as purty a girl, an' as good an' true as ever lived. We rented a little farm in the county Limerick, an' we were happy an' honest. I was considered a smart fellow, an' likely to do well; an' Mary had the good word of all the neighbours. Ah! a bitter drop it is—I'll never meet her again. She's in heaven! . . . So things went on fair enough with me for some time; when on a day comin' in from the field, I found my wife cryin', an' lookin' vexed an' flustered somehow, wid the flush on her face. She would not tell me the cause. So I went out to my work again, angry a bit at her being secret like with me. I met Mr Donevan, the agent, by the way, an' he gave me a civil good mornin', an' talked for a bit about the cattle an' the crops, an' was mighty kind entirely. He went his way, an' I went mine, I thinkin' what a nice gentleman he was.'

The speaker had kept his eyes fixed on me, and never once glanced round. I strove to rise, to get him more stimulant, for his voice had grown alarmingly weak.

'No, no,' he said; 'I am dyin'; I know it. But if I had twenty years' life in me, and knew the gallows was before me, I'd spake now. Well, one evenin', a month after, I found it out. Comin' through a lonely windin' borheen, I came suddenly on a woman struggling with a man. "Help!" she cried. My heart leaped. I knew that voice. I rushed forward, and with a blow knocked down the villain who held her, and caught my wife in my arms. I'll never forget the scowl he gave at me, as, picking himself up, he limped off, I kept, by Mary clinging round me, from following him. "O Jim, don't go after him," she said. Then at length she told me how Mr Donevan had followed her about for a long time, both before and after her marriage, and how the day I found her cryin', he had made proposals to her, insultin' to an' honest woman, and how he had threatened her, if she ever told me a word about it, he'd be the ruin of me.

'Well, to cut it short, for I feel the life's going fast from me, we were turned out of our home by the agent; all my little stock and furniture seized. My wife was after her confinement only two days, and the bed was taken from under her. A naybour took her in, but the shock and removal killed her. I lost her an' her baby together.

'In one short week I was a widower and childless, without house or home, or one penny in the world. I did not much care for the poverty, now, though. I met Mr Donevan the day I buried Mary, an' his wicked face wore a sneering smile, an' he gev me one look, which said to me plainly: "Haven't I kept my word?" But I was determined to be revenged on him who caused my bitter sorrow. It came to my hand, my revenge did, unexpected. One night, I was comin' amongst a lonely country road. There was a moon, but the clouds were scudding across it sometimes, an' thin all would be dark; an' thin she'd suddenly appear, lightin' up everythin' quite clear. It was in another county I was, away from my own place, having gone there for work. I had to live somehow, an' was bound to work. All alone I walked, an' all alone in the wide world I thought I was too; when, all of a sudden, a horse's throat sounded on the road, comin' towards me. I moved aside, to

let him pass, when he pulled up, an' asked me if this road was not a short-cut to K—. The moon shone out then clear an' bright, an' I seen his face, an' heard his voice, an' *knew it was him*. In an instant he was on the ground at my feet. One blow from the stout stick I carried had felled him from the saddle. He never stirred after! The frightened horse rushed away, an' I dragged the body inside a low ditch. I took his watch, purse, an' some papers that were on him, an' left him, as if he had been murdered for robbery's sake. I was unknown in them parts. None would ever suspect me, in my own place. If they searched for me, I never knew it. I got away from Queens-town by a ship which was short of hands, an' as I had at one time lived by the sea, an' been used to boats, they were glad to get me. Over the vessel's side I flung, as we left Cork Harbour behind us, the watch and purse, but the papers I kept. They were in one small packet. I put them up; I don't know why, but I did not like to destroy them. They are now in my pocket. I went to San Francisco, an' I went all round the world, but never back to Ireland. I changed my name, an' none who once knew me would have recognised me, I became so changed in looks. But, as it happened, I never met one from my own place. My revenge brought me no comfort.'

Here his voice quivered, and he uttered some wild exclamations. He was evidently labouring under a terrible sense of remorse, and his mind was wandering. I could see he was dying. He lay quite still, but for the deep heaving of the chest. I softly wiped away the death-dews. The eyes seemed to see nothing; the face was still and fixed. The rattling became fainter; he breathed at longer intervals. Suddenly he put out one of his hands feebly, and touched mine; a smile stole over the mouth, that had not smiled for years. 'I shall see Mary,' he said, and died. Just then, when all was over with this miserable being, there was a loud knocking at the door, and with rapture I heard the voice of my husband: 'Hollo! Nell! Let me in, child. Where are you?'

I flew to the door, and, in the agitated state of my feelings, I fainted away in his arms. When I came to myself, I was in the kitchen, and Jack beside me; his dear face looked pale with anxiety, and he held me close to his heart, as I told him what had occurred, as soon as I could find voice at all, and I did not forget to mention the packet.

Jack had been unable to leave D— until late the preceding day, and had been overtaken by the darkness. The fog increasing, he had consented to accept a friend's hospitality for the night; but being miserably uneasy about me, he had started long before dawn, and, arriving home, beheld the strange scene related.

I was ill, and it was a good while before I got well. In the interval, my baby was attended to by an English settler's wife, who lived next to us. Having lost her own child, she nursed mine with care and love until it could be restored to my care. During this dismal period, I escaped any concern as to the removal and burial of the stranger who had died in the distracting circumstances I have recorded.

On returning to everyday life, and sitting one day with little Willie in my arms, Jack proposed to tell me a story. 'If you are able to bear it,' he

said, 'I will tell you a story full of interest, but also a little painful. I think you should hear it.' I requested him to proceed. He then went on as follows: 'Ten years ago, in a certain county in Ireland, lived a gentleman who had two sons. He had been married twice, and the brothers had different mothers. The first wife's son was a great deal older than his half-brother, and was married, with a son reaching manhood, when the younger came home to his father from the English college where he had been educated. The mother of the younger brother had died in giving him birth. The elder brother's wife was an intriguing woman. The younger son had a will of his own, and was too proud and too honest to flatter. Things did not go on well between him and his brother's family, who disliked him, and were jealous of the father's affection for his younger son. The fortune of the father was in his own power, with the exception of a small entailed property. Gradually an estrangement crept between the old man and his favourite son, which was not wholly the son's fault. And there was no lack of malice to widen the breach on the part of others. At last, a serious quarrel occurred between the young man and his father on the subject of the former's marriage with a lady of large fortune. The father and son parted in anger. The father sent for his lawyer, and made his will, leaving his whole fortune to his *elder* son, cutting off the younger with *one shilling*. The father and son did not meet again until just before the old man's death. The son, hearing one day of his father's wish to see him, hastened to him. The meeting gave happiness to both, and they parted reconciled. The old man had not been very well for some time, but after his son's departure, rallied wonderfully, and seemed likely to live for years. One day he started on a journey, telling no one his mission. The same evening he returned, apparently in good health. The next morning, he was found dead in his bed! *Heart disease* was the verdict of the physicians. The night before, or the morning of his death, a terrible murder had been committed near a town not twenty miles distant from the old man's home; the victim being a solicitor and land-agent from a neighbouring county. This gentleman had come to K— on business, and had accepted the invitation of a friend to dinner. On returning to his hotel from his friend's house, he was attacked on the public road. His body was not discovered for several hours after the deed was perpetrated; and as all the valuables on his person were gone, it was believed it was for the purpose of robbery the crime was committed. It was generally believed there were more than one engaged in the matter, as, though lame, the deceased was a powerful man, and well able to cope with a single antagonist. The murderer was never discovered. There were some hard dealings with tenants, which had brought the dead man into disrepute with the peasantry; and there was *one* man in particular on whom suspicion fell. But the fact of the robbery took people off the scent, and gave the crime another character than agrarian.

'Search was made, however, for the man in question, but he was never found, and was believed to have left the country; and no trace of the murderer, whoever he might be, was discovered. The elder of the two brothers stepped into his father's fortune, and the younger got his

shilling! They never met after they parted at their father's grave. But the younger went his way with a lighter heart to think that his father's last words to him had been those of peace and love; believing also, that if he had but lived a little time longer, another will would have been made, and justice would have been done him.

'Justice had been done him; another will had been made. For some reason (probably suspicion of his elder son) he had wished to keep the matter a secret; and had employed the murdered man to draw the will, instead of the family lawyer. He had known the dead man a long time, and had confidence in him. He had gone to K—— to meet him the day of that sudden journey—the last day of both their lives—and had executed the will. Whether the elder brother ever had any suspicion on the subject, it is impossible to say. The witnesses to the will are both living in K——. No papers of any kind being found on the dead man, of course all was clear for the elder of these sons; and he was at liberty to disregard any idle gossip he might have heard as to his father's executing a deed the day before his death. The will, which was the old man's last wish and act, *is found*, and has, through a mysterious interposition of Providence, been sent to him to whom it chiefly applies.'

'That is fortunate, dear Jack, for the younger brother will get his due.'

'And that younger brother is about to claim it, and is going to carry off his wife and child to share it with him,' said my husband, jocosely. 'Ay, Nell, I am that younger brother, whose earlier history has, till now, been such a mystery to his sweet little darling wife.'

'Then,' said I, tears of joy brimming my eyes—my hand fondly clasped in his; 'then that is the story of the "packet"?''

'That is the story of the packet; so carefully guarded for years by the poor outcast who is dead and gone. And now I think my Nell will not have cause altogether to repent having sheltered the castaway on that Night in the Backwoods!'

CORPORATION OF LONDON AND THE PEERAGE.

THE following interesting particulars concerning the connection between the corporation of London and the peerage, appeared lately in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

'Turning over the pages of Sir Bernard Burke's illustrious annual, we find that the Duke of Leeds is descended from Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor in 1582; once the apprentice whose romantic rescue of his master Sir William Hewett's daughter Anna from the Thames, and his subsequent marriage to her, have been so often recorded. The Duke of Hamilton is the heir and representative of Alderman Beckford, of Billingsgate Ward, who became Lord Mayor for the second time in 1770, and father of the author of *Vathek*, whose daughter and heiress was Duchess of Hamilton, grandmother of the present peer. The Earl of Coventry is descended from John Coventry, who was Lord Mayor in 1425, and one of the executors of no less a personage than Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London." The Earl of Craven is descended from Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor in 1611. The Earl of Essex from Sir

William Capel, Lord Mayor in 1503; and the Earl of Dartmouth from Thomas Legge, who was Lord Mayor in 1346 and 1353. The ancestor of the Earl of Ducie was Sir Robert Ducie, Lord Mayor in 1631, and of the Earl of Roden was Sir Ralph Joselyn, who was Lord Mayor in 1464. The Earl of Feversham is the collateral descendant of Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor in 1708; and the Earl of Onslow is heir to Sir Thomas Foot, Lord Mayor in 1649, upon whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1660, with special remainder to the husband of his daughter, who upon his death became Sir Arthur Onslow, the first baronet of the name. Lord Garvagh and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe are the collateral descendants of Thomas Cannings, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry VI., and his brother, William Cannings, five times Mayor of Bristol in the reign of Edward IV.; and the Earl of Tankerville is the heir-male of Sir Thomas Bennet, Lord Mayor in 1603, while he is represented in the female line by the Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Aveland is the great-great-grandson of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor in the reign of Queen Anne; and Lord Hatherley is the son of Sir Matthew Wood, twice Lord Mayor in the reign of George IV.—thus reversing in his family, though not in his person, the scheme of promotion suggested to Lord Brougham. Moreover, even Aldermen of London who were not so fortunate as to pass the chair, are amply and honourably represented in the peerage. The ancestor of Earl Fitzwilliam was Sir William Fitzwilliam, Sheriff of London in 1506, and Alderman of Bread-street Ward; Earl Cowper is the descendant of John Cowper, Sheriff of London in 1551, and Alderman of Bridge Ward; Earl Bathurst is descended from Lancelot Bathurst, Alderman of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the Earl of Romney is descended from Thomas Marsham, Alderman of London in the reign of James I.; Lord Hill is a collateral of Sir Rowland Hill, whom Sir Bernard Burke calls the "celebrated" Lord Mayor of London; and the Earl of Bective, if he survives his father, the Marquis of Headfort, as heir to his grandfather, Alderman Thompson, will add another representative of the Lord Mayors of London to the roll of peers. We are by no means certain that we have exhausted the list; but the examples we have hit upon are perhaps sufficient for the purpose of establishing an intimate and distinguished connection between the corporation and the peerage. Two dukes, one marquis for certain, and two marquises if the ordinary course of nature prevails, seven earls, and two barons, are descended directly from Lord Mayors of London; while their collateral descendants include one earl, a viscount, and two barons; and Aldermen of London who did not pass the chair are the lineal ancestors of four earls. Slightly changing Shakspeare's line, each of the great majority of these may say—

I draw my life and being from men of civic siege;
while the citizens of London may not inappropriately borrow Lord Chatham's indignant exclamation: "Sugar! Mr Speaker, sugar! who laughs at sugar now?"

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.
Also sold by all Booksellers.